

LITERATURE

THE MENTOR

August 1921

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HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

THE OCEAN—In Science, Art, Poetry, History and Human Affairs

Why the Name, Pacific?
John the Bird Man
The Real Captain Kidd
"The Raft of the Medusa"

The Gulf Stream
John o' London Says
Sentinels of the Sea
The Boy That Faked Shakespeare

THIRTY FIVE CENTS A COPY

A city the world forgot

BURKHARDT, a Swiss explorer, on his way to Mecca, was attracted to a mountain range that skirted the valley in which he was traveling. Drawn by the brilliant coloring of the rocks, he pressed through a shrubby-choked gorge and was amazed to see, spread before him, a city carved from solid rock.

It was Petra, the City the World Forgot!

Petra was old when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt. Tradition says, they spent twenty years there. It was an important place when Babylon, Nineveh, and Palmyra were the great cities of the ancient world. It was flourishing in the days of the Roman Empire and, later, when Constantinople was the capital of civilization.

A thousand years before America was discovered, Petra disappeared. How, or why, is one of the enigmas of history. For fifteen centuries the world forgot that Petra had ever existed.

Since Burkhardt stumbled on it in the last century, fewer than a hundred men have seen Petra. One of them is E. M. Newman, the American travel-lecturer. With a guard of Arabs, Newman recently penetrated the mountains to the lost city, and was able to explore it at pleasure, photographing the huge temples, "Pharaoh's Treasury," and the homes hewn from rock, which stand to-day as they did when Petra's civic life ended.

Newman has written of his experiences for the September Mentor. His article is easily the most interesting of its kind published this year. It is illustrated with gravure reproductions of his finest pictures. An order placed with your newsdealer now will insure you against certain disappointment should you miss this number.

THE OCEAN

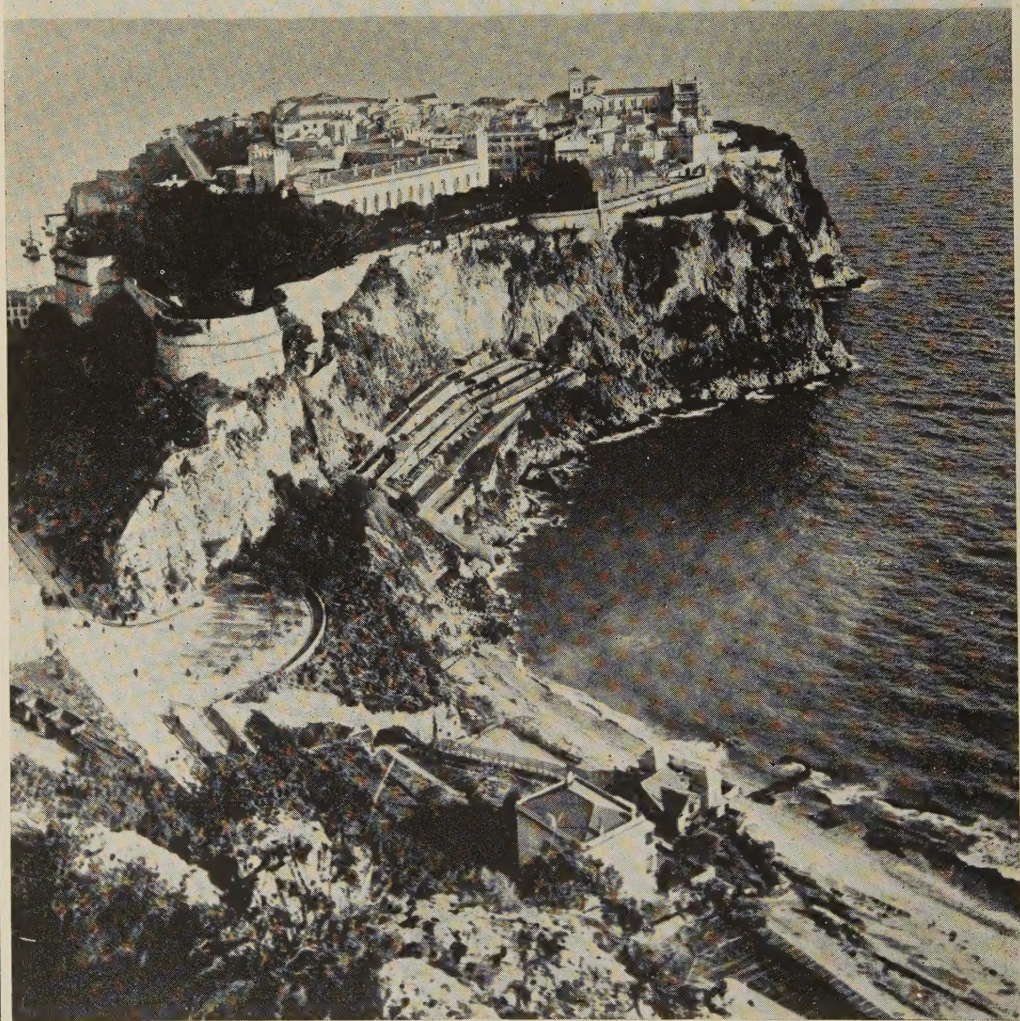


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The Sea's Floor is No Mystery to This Man;
Prince Albert of Monaco in His Laboratory

"How like infinity itself seems the sea! The great bulk of it, the wide spread of it, the far reach of it are appalling. Horizon lines are not its boundaries, nor blue walls of sky its confining barriers. There is no place of its beginning nor yet of its ending. Its continuity is unbroken. The land seems but a handful of islands sown carelessly here and there upon the waters; but the sea stretches out unceasingly, keeps circling on forever."

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.



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The Promontory of Monaco

The home of one of the world's greatest oceanographers, Prince Albert I. On a twin height further along the Mediterranean shore is the casino of Monte Carlo. The ruler of Monaco receives \$100,000,000 a year rental from the famous gambling resort.

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THE OCEAN

THERE ARE NO SEA SERPENTS IN IT, SAYS
PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO

SEA serpents and armor-plated submarine monsters that come to the surface occasionally and terrify vacationists do not live in forests of lacy vegetation in the great depths of the sea.

So says one of the greatest living students of the ocean. And so passes one of the public's favorite legends.

Prince Albert Honoré Charles, ruler of Monaco, the Mediterranean principality that contains the world's most famous gambling resort, Monte Carlo, is the man that killed the sea-serpent story. The Prince is not concerned with Monte Carlo except in the matter of revenue from the syndicate operating the celebrated casino; his fame rests on his distinguished achievements in science. He has devoted his life and much of his fortune to plumbing the depths of the sea and studying the life that exists there. The Prince maintains an especially equipped yacht, a staff of scientists,

and extensive museums in Monaco and Paris for this purpose.

On a visit to the United States to receive the Agassiz gold medal—the highest honor this country can bestow upon a man of science—the Prince gave out statements that overturn completely many of the popular notions about life and conditions on the ocean's floor.

Great forests of filmy water-plants, waving gently to and fro, stirred by monsters, eyeless and thick-hided because of the great pressure, live only in people's imaginations, the Prince's research shows; the deepest valleys of the sea are barren as the tops of the earth's mountains.

"There may be some big animals in the ocean of which we do not know," the Prince told Wilbur Forrest, of the *New York Tribune*, "but my researches have not disclosed any of them.

"Giant octopuses, measuring forty or fifty feet across, have been brought



Courtesy Science Service

Bringing Up a Deep-Sea Net

to the surface, but it is a well-established fact that no large sea animals live in the great depths, because there is virtually nothing there for them to eat. The inhabitants of the high-pressure ocean valleys must live on what filters down from above. There is life there, however; we have found five or six species of sea beings at the greatest depths."

Prince Albert, when a young man, served in the Spanish and French navies. He observed that geography was much studied, but that comparatively little was known of the sea, the largest part of the earth's surface. At seventy-three, he had given thirty-five years to ocean study.

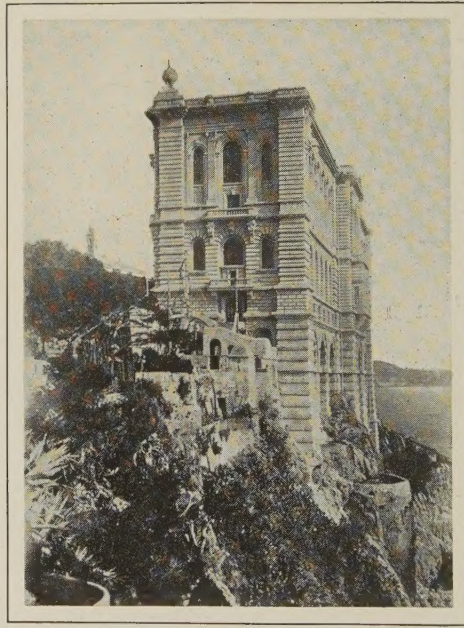
Here, in his own words, are some of the things the Prince discovered when he studied life below the surface of the sea:

"Before studying the animals of

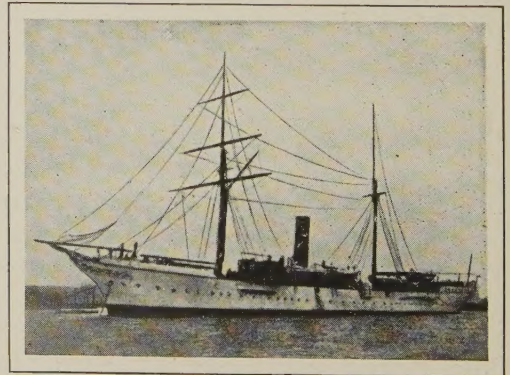
the sea, one must know where and how they live. These animals must find their life in water as we find it in our atmosphere. There is a little of everything in the sea—gold, silver, and every metal known, yet in small quantity. There is oxygen, hydrogen, and a few gases, and the beings that live in the sea must possess special apparatus to exist. To sea life the matter of pressure is more complicated than the composition of the water. Living in pressures ten to one

hundred times the normal atmospheric pressure at the surface makes considerable difference.

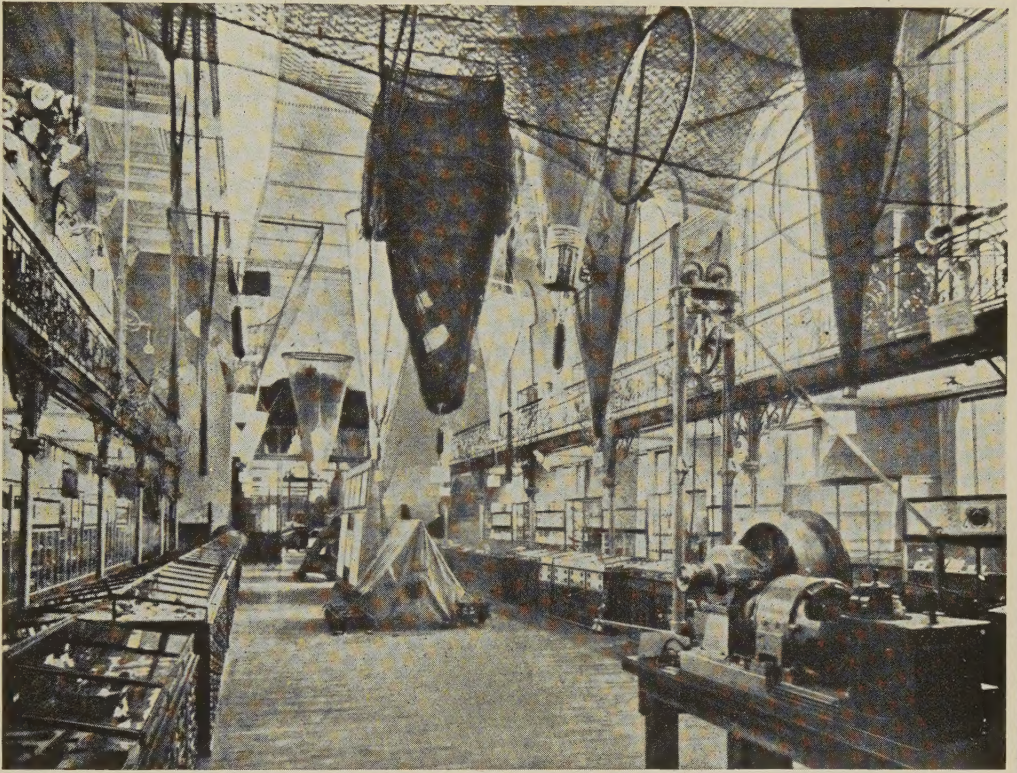
"Deep-sea fish, again contrary to popular belief, have perfect eyes and perfect bodies, differing only in the fact that they are built for pressure resistance. Their muscular composition is different, so as to resist the weight of water. Nature provides the deepest sea fish



The Prince's Marine Museum, Monaco



The Prince's Research Ship



Strange Specimens Fill the Prince's Museum at Monaco

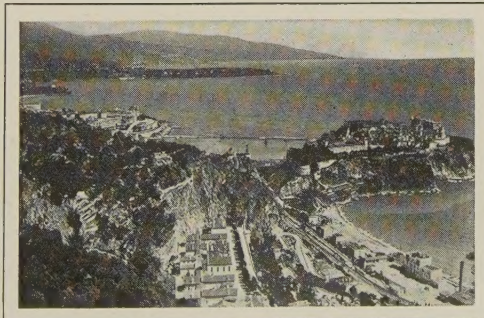
with luminous organs, enabling them to light their way about wherever they go. Some of these creatures are so delicate—though built for pressure—that we cannot touch their bodies without breaking them. But the most delicately constructed animals of the depths are able to come to the ocean's surface without suffering, and they do so at night.

"It was once a difficult and complicated task to secure animals from the deepest part of the sea, but we have found that they come to us. Within thirty or forty yards under your ship, after night-

fall, you may be sure that deep-sea creatures are there living, fighting, and eating. A great biological tide brings them toward the surface by night. The tidal wave, which is ocean wide, moves away from the sun.

"It is one of our most interesting discoveries and very precious, in so far as it affects the biological side of the sea. The creatures that live with their own light in the darkest depths cannot face the sun, and nature strangely propels them upward for their sustenance.

"There is a law that the deeper one goes into the sea



Principality of Monaco

the more identical are the species. All around the world, if you could walk the ocean bed, you would find the same animals. This is regulated by temperature, mainly, which is the same after a depth of about two thousand meters. Thus, in the Arctic Sea, in the Pacific, Atlantic, and at the Equator where animal life, both above the water and in the shallows, is somewhat varied, according to atmospheric conditions and temperature, you would find an even balanced breed of life in the greater depths.

"We have experienced extreme difficulty in sending down instruments to great depths, because virtually all types are not immune against leakage with the great weight upon them. The water at great depths will permeate almost anything except solid blocks of metal."

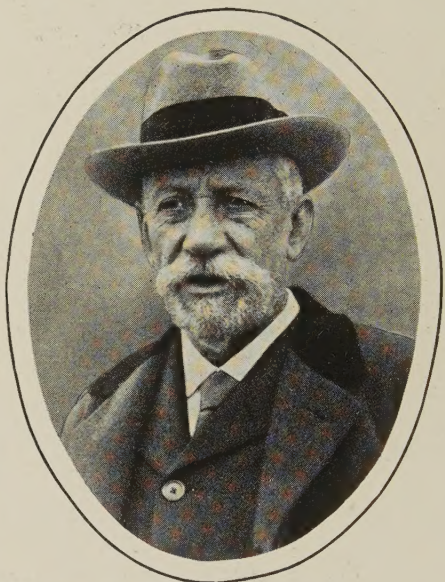
The scientist believes, however, that man will some day devise a

means of ocular exploration of the ocean's bed at any depth.

The recent visit of the Prince of Monaco to the United States was not his first. He has crossed the Atlantic several times, and his yachts have more than once been seen in American harbors. In the past thirty years four vessels have been equipped to serve science.

The *Hirondelle II* is a steel vessel of 1,650 tons. During all its cruises the owner is in command, directing his staff and crew in their search for new facts concerning the world at the bottom of the sea. One of the priceless contributions made by the Prince to Oceanography is a world-

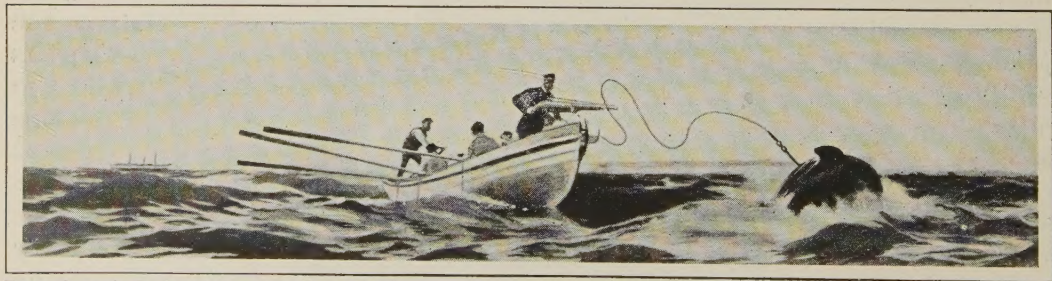
chart that shows all the deep-sea soundings that have been made up to the present time. His chief monument in the eyes of the public, however, is the superb museum and aquarium, built in 1909, near his palace on the Mediterranean. Thousands of travelers visit the collections every year.



© Keystone View Co.

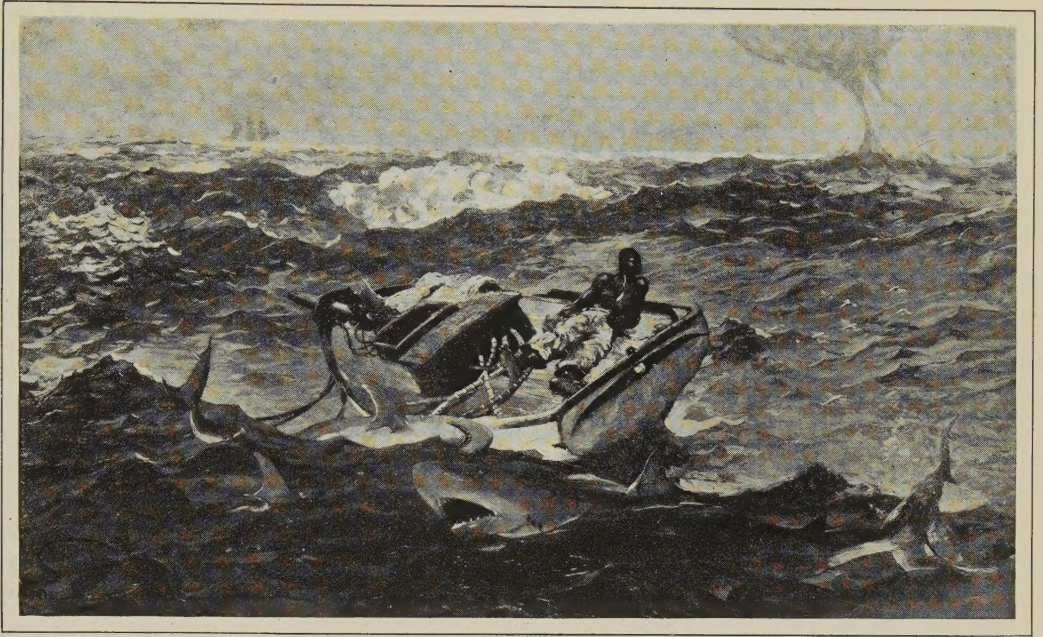
The Prince of Monaco

A student of the ocean since his youth. He has plumbed the deepest parts of the Atlantic and brought to the surface creatures that live in the valleys of the sea.



From a fresco in the Oceanographic Institute of Paris

The Prince Harpooning a Whale on One of His Research Trips



In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Gulf Stream as Painted by Winslow Homer, the Famous American Artist

THE GULF STREAM

By HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Formerly Lieutenant U. S. Navy

THE Gulf Stream is a river three thousand times as large as the Mississippi—ten thousand times as large as the Hudson. It bathes the shores of Cuba and Florida, of Georgia and the Carolinas; it sweeps past the Newfoundland Banks; it gives warmth to the British Isles and Norway; it prevents ice from forming along the northern coast of Russia during the long Arctic winter; it moderates the cold of far-off Nova Zembla. It flows ten thousand miles, and scatters tropical seaweed along bleak and little known lands. Its mighty current has its origin in the heat of a tropical gulf, its goal amid the icefloes of an Arctic sea.

Before the discovery of America—

before Leif Ericson voyaged to Vinland—before the Norsemen became rulers of the sea—the inhabitants of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Norway found strange seeds, and stranger bits of wood along their shores. They knew nothing of a land far to the west, and so wonderful stories grew about these wandering fragments of vegetation. On these tales Leif Ericson may have based his theory that there was land to the west. It may be that because of these bits of driftwood Iceland was discovered, and, later, Greenland.

No hint of the existence of the Gulf Stream was let fall by the explorers who crossed the Atlantic until Antonio de Alaminos, returning from



© Brown Bros.

The Gulf Stream Warms the Coast of Florida

Mexico through the Florida Straits in 1519 to tell his royal master, the King of Spain, of the successes of Cortez, remarked on the quickness of the passage that he had made. It was not for some time that he concluded that he had crossed in the grip of a mighty stream. He was the first mariner to note that "great oceanic highway." Even after it was found to exist it was not used—and gradually all knowledge of it seemed to fade away.

It was not charted until a few years before the Revolutionary War, and even then it was marked very indefinitely. Benjamin Franklin, then head of the American Post Office,

learned that British shippers were contemplating sending their ships to Rhode Island instead of to New York because, they said, it took two weeks longer for ships to cross from Falmouth to New York than from London to Rhode Island. It seemed strange to our great Colonial thinker that so great a difference should exist in the time to ports within a day's sail of each other, especially as the ships from London to Rhode Island had by far the longer voyage. Franklin thought over the question for some time, and then spoke of it to an old whaling captain of his acquaint-

ance. The old man did not appear surprised, and immediately offered his explanation. The ships from Falmouth to New York, he said, kept much farther to the south than did those from London to Rhode Island, and consequently they breasted a strong current that flowed northeast at the rate of two or three miles an hour. Franklin made further investigations, and finally sent a rough but comparatively accurate chart of the west side of the stream to the shippers in England. But it was not for some time afterward that the charts began to show, even in the vaguest sort of a way, the course of this enormous river.

Now, after many years of scientific observations and researches, we know accurately where the Gulf Stream flows, why it flows, and what it accomplishes. Every ocean has its currents. The Pacific and the Atlantic, the Indian, the Arctic and the Antarctic Oceans all have their streams. They radiate and meet, cross and re-cross, in many instances without mixing their waters to any great extent. They flow in set courses along known routes. Roughly, there are five great warm currents, with, of course, many additional variations. These five great currents all originate along the equator, being caused by the westward blowing Trade Winds.

These winds blow steadily all the year from east to west. They may be light or they may be strong, but they always blow, and they are the fundamental cause of every other great, warm ocean current. Their constant action sets up a flow of water westward in the Atlantic just north of the equator. This water, encouraged by these winds, moves slowly toward the northeast coast of South America which runs from southeast to northwest. The moving water is directed by the coast of South America into



© Brown Bros.

—And Makes the Valleys of Ireland More Fertile

the Caribbean Sea, and flows between Yucatan and Cuba into the Gulf of Mexico. The Gulf becomes a reservoir, and its surface is raised by the incoming flood until it is two or three feet above the level of the Atlantic. Then the water seeks an outlet. There are but two straits connecting the Gulf of Mexico with outside waters. One is the Yucatan Channel through which the Trade Winds are constantly forcing more water. The other is the opening between Florida and Cuba, through which the stored-up waters of the Gulf find their only possible escape. Gathering itself into an enormous river it sweeps

through the narrow passage, passes the Florida Keys, is turned to the north along the coast, and finds itself once more a part of the Atlantic as it traverses its course past Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas.

During the time it has taken this water to pass from the Atlantic to the Carribbean, to the Gulf of Mexico, and back again into the Atlantic, it has stored up a great deal of the heat of the tropics. It has become, in fact, the circulating system of a vast hot-water furnace. It has been heated to a temperature of over eighty degrees, and as it flows north it warms the shores it passes.

The stream follows the coast very



© Brown Bros.

Iceland is Less Frigid

closely until it passes the projecting bars of the North Carolina shore, and there it is shunted out to sea, where, for the first time, it comes into contact with the colder water from the north. It is because of the radical difference in the temperatures of these waters at this point that Cape Hatteras is one of the world's most stormy spots. But

despite the fact that the weather is almost continuously stormy, the waters of the Gulf Stream and of the Cold Wall do not mix. A line as distinct at times as a pencil mark is maintained between the dark blue water of the Gulf Stream and the green of the colder sea.



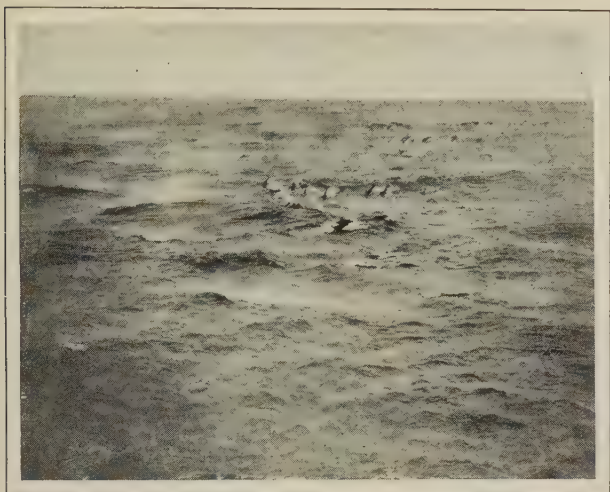
© Brown Bros.

Norway's Harvests Are Richer



© Brown Bros.

And Sweden's Fields Greener



Porpoises Prefer the Warmer Water of the Gulf Stream

From Cape Hatteras the Stream flows diagonally across the Atlantic, past the Newfoundland Banks, touching Ireland and Scotland, and flowing along the Norwegian coast into the Arctic Ocean.

Upon leaving the Florida Straits, the Gulf Stream is a comparatively narrow and exceedingly swift current, but as it crosses the Atlantic it widens greatly and its movement is correspondingly slower. After passing the Newfoundland Banks the Stream has become hundreds of miles in width, and the prevailing winds of this vicinity have thousands of square miles of warm water from which to collect moisture. These winds, which blow a very large part of the time from the west and southwest, accomplish two results: First, they collect moisture which they carry on to Europe, and second, they assist in maintaining the movement of the Stream.

Having blown over countless miles of the warm water of the Stream they have taken from it a part of its warmth, which they in turn impart to

the lands they pass. Were it not for the Gulf Stream and the winds that blow across it, the British Isles would hardly be habitable because of the cold. Without this help Norway and Sweden would be uninhabitable by any save people as hardy and stout as the Eskimos. Labrador, farther to the south than any of the Scandinavian countries, is a cold and dreary waste. The Gulf Stream makes possible the huge agricultural district of central and western Europe, which supports a

population greater to the square mile than any other district in the world, except some parts of the Orient.

Along its entire length the Gulf Stream carries a kind of brown seaweed, called Gulf Weed, that floats in large clusters or in small festoons, in long branches or in tiny strands—a familiar sight to travelers on ocean liners.

The speed of the Gulf Stream varies. As is the case of most rivers, the Stream runs more rapidly near its source. Through the Florida Straits the movement is most rapid, but after leaving Cape Hatteras it slows down.



The Gulf Stream in Mid-Ocean

While early in its journey it flows at the rate of three miles an hour or more, it soon drops off to one and a half, and upon reaching Norway the movement is very slow.

The depth to which the movement is carried also varies. Between Norway and Iceland the Stream is from 1,800 to 3,000 feet deep, but where it occasionally crosses a cold current its depth is much less, due to the fact that the warm water rises over the cold.

The temperature of the Stream is its greatest asset, and from the time it leaves the Gulf of Mexico until it fades away in the Arctic it gradually cools. Along the Florida coast its temperature is more than eighty degrees Fahrenheit. When it has crossed the Atlantic and has approached Norway its temperature is between 45 and 59 degrees, and near Spitzbergen it has cooled to 37 or 38 degrees.

But, in the Arctic Ocean, water at

37 degrees is able to accomplish much. Archangel, the Russian seaport on the White Sea, is much farther to the south than the Murman Coast. The Archangel port is closed to navigation for many months each year, while the Murman Coast, along which flows the water from the Gulf, is ice free the year around.

The oceans of the earth have many streams, both warm and cold. The effect of some of them is good, of others not so good. But no other current has the energy and volume of the Gulf Stream—no other current affects so large a portion of the earth's surface.

From the time the Gulf Stream passes the Florida Keys until it loses itself off Nova Zembla in the waters of Barents Sea, its action is beneficial. Its warmth serves to make habitable many lands, and its moisture serves to make possible the crops on which the inhabitants of those lands are dependent.

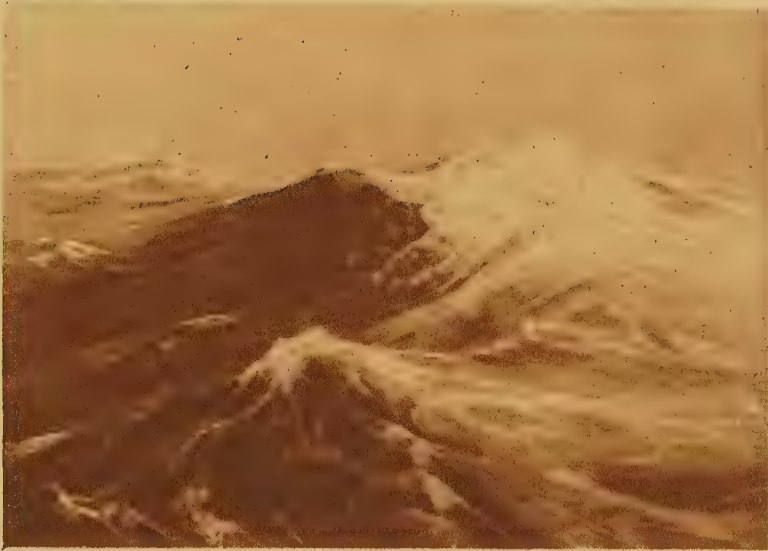


From "The Ocean," Courtesy of Duffield & Co.

The Gulf Stream Has Clearly Defined "Banks" of Water. Observe the Dividing Line Between the Gulf Stream and the Colder Ocean Water

THE SEA IN ART

By W. D. STARKWEATHER



Copyright, Detroit Pub. Co.

Worcester Art Museum

THE NORTH ATLANTIC, BY C. H. WOODBURY



Courtesy M. Knoedler & Co., New York

CLEARING AFTER A STORM, BY W. T. RICHARDS

THE SEA IN ART

By W. D. STARKWEATHER

DESPITE the powerful appeal of the sea to man, the painting of marines is comparatively a modern achievement. In the earlier periods of modern art, no particular attention was given to the study of open air nature, the depiction of various effects of atmosphere was generally disregarded and landscape painting was not seriously attempted. Artists gave their time to portrait and figure decorations for the houses of great art patrons or to religious pictures for churches and other ecclesiastical institutions. Where landscape was introduced into these compositions it served only as a background, was of a formal and conventionalized kind used merely to fill space, aid the composition, or lend point to the picture. It was not indeed until the eighteenth century that the painting of landscape became generally recognized as a legitimate sphere of art activity. Even then most early landscapes were pompous and stilted representations of celebrated "views" of historic monuments and buildings.

Early marine painting reflected the formal spirit of early landscape painting.

A tempestuous sea, liberally sprinkled with fiercely fighting galleons would be used with a red brocade curtain and a bit of balustrade as an appropriate background for a full-length portrait of an admiral or monarch of some maritime nation. Such marine pictures as were painted represented historic naval battles or dramatic shipwrecks. These early pictures were conceived in the most highly theatrical and artificial spirit. The battle-pieces would show a swarm of galleons fighting at close quarters, with many vessels sinking, men escaping into boats and clinging to floating wreckage; all the vessels both fighting and sinking would be covered with enough flags for a regatta; these flags were generally grossly exaggerated in size and were always shown whipping furiously in the wind. Apparently, also, all these early naval engagements were fought in the midst of furious tempests, the waves are mountainous and the skies cataclysmic in their inkiness. Shipwreck scenes were of the same romantic character. A galleon, illuminated by a sort of spot-light from the heavens would



THE SEA IN ART

be shown lifted in an impossible manner upon the crest of an enormous wave just before being dashed upon rocks. The drawing in all these pictures was very bad. It is difficult to gain any adequate idea of the construction of a galleon from most of them. The artist placed cannon, port-holes and windows in his ships with little or no regard for any possible deck arrangement; the rigging is frequently of the most fantastic character, dictated purely by the artist's whim and his ideas of decoration. These early draughtsmen were often as cheerfully ignorant of the set of a sail as they were of the mysteries of rigging; occasionally they depicted a ship under full sail progressing gaily along in the teeth of a howling wind!

From these highly artificial first efforts several schools of marine painters slowly evolved. They founded their work on a closer study of nature and abandoned many of the set conventions which had hampered their predecessors. Many of the artists of these new schools had followed the sea in their youth; their pictures profited by what they had learned of ship construction and management. The earliest of the great schools of marine paintings was the Dutch. A maritime country with an extended coast-line, and covered by a network of canals, the Dutch were a seafaring people, as hardy sailors as they were eminent artists. It was but natural that a school of painters should



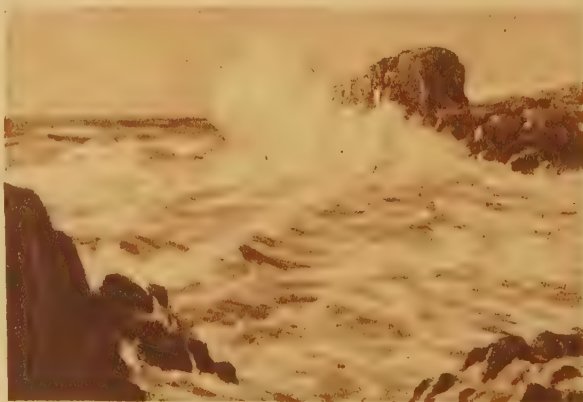
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

MARINE, BY EDWARD MORAN

as a sailor but soon became known as a nautical draughtsman, in which capacity he was employed by the Dutch government. His knowledge of the shipping of his day was unequalled and his drawings and paintings are remarkable for their exactitude. He made his studio on a raft and worked in the midst of the fleet of his friend Admiral Ruyter. He witnessed many naval engagements and his sea pictures rank today as authoritative documents on the shipping of the time. Willem van der Velde, the younger, surpassed his father and became the greatest Dutch marine painter. A great place in Dutch art must be given to Jacob Ruysdael. His somber marines, recording for the most part the fearsomeness of the sea, are distinguished by great grandeur of composition.

Ludolf Bakhuysen was another accomplished craftsman; during tempests he frequently risked his life by venturing in a small boat far out from land to study waves in furious motion.

The English, another great maritime people, were not slow in following the lead of the Dutch in establishing a school of marine painters. Their greatest master in



GROUND SWELL, BY PAUL DOUGHERTY



Copyright by The Hispanic Society of America

BEACHING THE BOAT BY T. SORUJA

THE SEA IN ART

this style was the immortal Turner (1775-1851). Born in London, the son of a hair-dresser in whose rooms the artist's drawings were first exhibited, Turner received but a slender art education. By his genius, however, he gained a foremost position in English art; his life was a constant series of successes. He painted principally landscapes but his prolific genius gave the world a superb series of sea pictures, unsurpassed for their rendering of the majesty, the poetry and drama of the ocean. Not only did he grasp the immensity and tragic strength of the sea but he understood and rendered with exquisite subtlety effects of luminous calm and placid beauty. Besides calms and tempests he painted views of the coast, naval combats, sun-rises and sunsets, moon-lights and the waters of Venice.

His devotion to the effects of light became greater as he grew older. During the last years of his life he sacrificed form to color, light with its prismatic variations engrossing all his attention. He attained effects of unparalleled luminosity; he was the sun-god of art. His paintings are really dramatic pictorial poems, works of transcendent imaginative genius that have never been again equaled by his successors.

Among early marine painters France can boast of Joseph Vernet (1712-1789), who became the first marine painter of the Continent and was patronized by many courts. He painted to order for the King a series of views of French seaports which made him famous. His works are typical of the artificial and theatrical taste of the period. To Vernet nature was merely a setting which he arranged and disposed at his will. He did not search for truth but for a semblance

of truth which he strove to make more dramatic than reality.

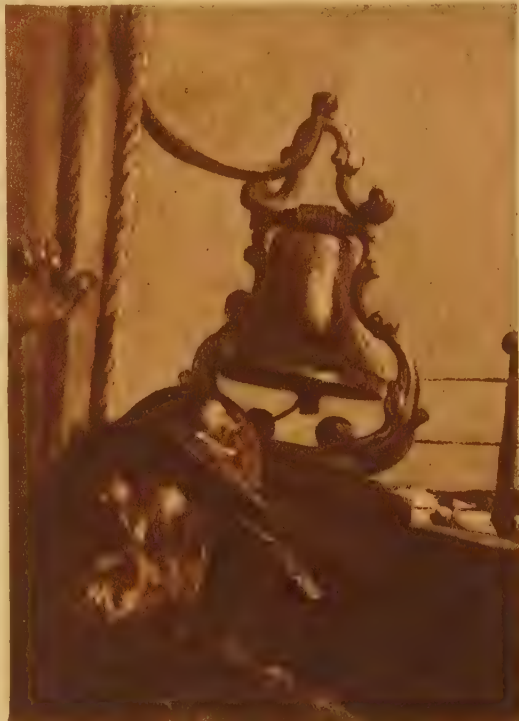
As modern artists progressed in the study of nature, analyzing light and light effects, subtly searching absolute truth of natural effect, the artificial marine disappeared just as did the artificial romantic landscape. Strong schools of marine painting grew up in every country.

It is only within the last few decades that an accomplished group of marine painters has evolved in the United States. By the time that modern American artists began to occupy themselves with marines, the sailing ship was already disappearing from the ocean. The steamer, which replaced the sailing ship, has never made much appeal to painters; it is too hard to outline, too mechanical, too dark in color; it lacks the touch of romance, the bird-like suggestion of quivering life that distinguishes the sailing vessel. So it was but natural

that American marine painters should have devoted their attention to hardly more than the sea itself, as it swings in the vast rhythms of mid-ocean or beats to breakers upon our rocky coasts.

And how well they have painted the sea! By a close study of nature they have attained astounding effects of naturalism. They are experts in the structure of wave form and in the complicated science of wave movement.

The earliest of the modern American school of marine painters was William T. Richards who belonged really with the old Hudson River School. Many critics find his pictures too photographic and his range limited. He repeated again and again practically the same picture, a breaking wave



Boston Museum of Art

THE LOOKOUT, "ALL'S WELL," BY WINSLOW HOMER

(Continued on page 22)

THE MISSING VESSEL, BY F. H. M. REHN





Art Museum, St. Louis



Art Institute of Chicago

MANY and varied are the moods of the restless sea—and it is along the shores that its changing tempers find fullest expression.

The accompanying group of pictures reveals the sea in sunshine and calm, the long rolling surf slipping smoothly over the sands, making a cool, moist playground for children; again as it beats uproariously against a rocky beach, or tosses its white spume against precipitous cliffs; then is shown the spoils of the storm—the battered wreckage cast up on a lonely beach.

In the upper left-hand corner, and in the center at the

“ALONG THE SHORE OF TH

Corcoran Art Gallery



Worcester Art Museum



Courtesy M. Knoedler & Co., New York

top, are two pictures by Paul Dougherty, the one showing a bit of Maine coast after the gale, the other, steep cliffs resisting the onslaught of the sea. At the right, at the top, is Winslow Homer's famous picture "The Gale." At the left we see Edward H. Potthast's sunny picture of children making a happy holiday at the edge of a summer sea. In the middle, W. T. Richards shows a long, peaceful stretch of surf on the coast of New Jersey. At the right is Josef Israel's picture, "The Fisherman's Return," and below we see Renauf's group of shattered derelicts washed ashore after the storm.

UD SOUNDING SEA"—Homer

THE SEA IN ART

with the light showing through it. There is no denying, however, his accomplishment in his own field. The delicacy, the thinness, the wetness of his combing breakers have not been surpassed.

Winslow Homer, one of the very greatest, and possibly the most celebrated of American marine painters, was among the first artists to interpret the primitive life of our New England coast. He loved the deep sea in heavy action; he particularly felt the weight and force, the majesty and drama of the ocean. It is with the grey and green oceans of Maine where he lived that we especially associate him, but he spent considerable time in the West Indies

and in his famous "The Gulf Stream" in the Metropolitan Museum rendered superbly a tropic sea with its rich color, its water spouts, its sharks, its curious blend of the opulent and sinister. The underlying structure of his compositions is always large and excellent. In all the sea pictures of Homer there is a dignity and sweep—a certain quality of sublimity that makes them epics of the deep.

An entirely different way of regarding the ocean is reflected in the work of Alexander Harrison. Harrison became internationally famous in the middle '80's by a series of large pictures representing for the most part the wash of fairly tranquil water upon flat beaches. He is particularly fond of the twilight hour, such as he shows in his "Crepuscule" in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. He is a master of opalescent tone and of delicate vibration of color. He is unsurpassed in his power of suggesting the creeping movement of water over flat sand. Harrison is all pensiveness and tenderness, a poet of the sea in twilight mood.

Emil Carlsen, born in Copenhagen, but for fifty years a resident in our country, is another artist whose pictures of the ocean are works of delicate poetic charm. He has confined himself to no particular mood of the sea; he has painted surf, deep water and

calms, rocky shores and tranquil beaches always with exquisite quality and with a very fine and charming vision. He has occupied himself with a search for a certain lovely quality in his color and tone and a beautiful effect of luminosity.

Charles Woodbury, of Boston and Ogunquit, Maine, with Frederick Waugh and Paul Dougherty of New York are of a younger group of painters. Woodbury evokes for us the loneliness of the sea. It

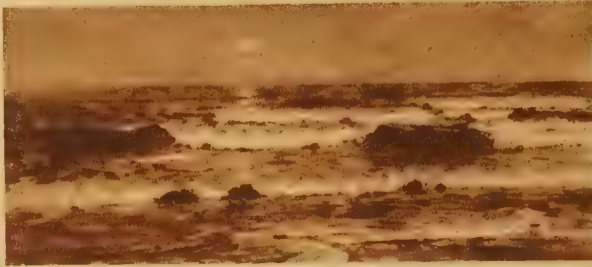
is the wasteless deep which he paints simply, frankly, without accessories or exaggerations. When he paints a mid-ocean, one feels that it is a mid-ocean and that the land is 2,000 miles away. He is pre-eminently the psychologist

of the sea—a great interpretative artist.

It is the power of the sea that one feels in the work of Frederick J. Waugh. Born in Bordentown, N. J., in 1861, of a family of artists, Waugh has given a lifetime to the study of the ocean. For nearly fifteen years he lived in England painting many canvases of the rocky shores of England's southern coast and of the Channel Islands. He is justly famous for his vigor and his mastery of wave form and movement.

Paul Dougherty, the youngest of well-known American sea-painters, is scarcely over forty. But his work is already represented in all the great museums of the country and has deservedly won awards in the exhibitions of a dozen cities. He is particularly happy in his depiction of heavy seas breaking among rough rocks with effects of flying spray, the whole often touched with warm late afternoon sunlight.

Happy indeed is the lot of this talented band of American marine painters; splendid their accomplishments. They have worked and played upon the waters of the great deep: what they have seen and felt there they have had the skill to record in noble art. Their pictures will live long after them, a delight to all who go down to the sea, a precious legacy of beauty bequeathed to mankind.



St. Louis Art Museum

LA CREPUSCULE (TWILIGHT). BY ALEXANDER HARRISON



OPEN SEA, BY EMIL CARLSEN



Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

IN STRANGE SEAS, BY G. W. MAYNARD

LIFE OF THE SEA

By JOHN C. VAN DYKE

AFTER the passing of the explorers, slavers and gold seekers, came the scientific exploration of the sea. Since the eighteenth century began, all features of the ocean—from its coral islands built up to its rocky shores pulled down, from the glowing equator producing the energy of the great sea currents to the icy poles whose chilling streams restore the equilibrium, from the tides that swell the bays and harbors to the evaporation that drinks at the sea's surface—have been pried into and exploited. As for the color and light of the wave, its rise and fall and motion, they are no longer mysteries; the flora of the shallows and the fauna of the depths have been classified; and even the countless minute forms of life that show only as phosphorescence upon the surface of the sea have come under the microscope, have been carefully analyzed and differentiated in the laboratory.

Apparently all is known to us and the sea has no further secrets to reveal. And yet, in a vague way, we feel sure we are only on the threshold of its understanding. For perhaps the sea is the one original element, and out of it have come all the others. In its depths, far down in the chill waters beyond our light and beyond our life, the rock strata of the earth may have been molded into shape. Centuries of time would have passed while the outworn shells of sea life were falling from the surface to the bottom and, with meteoric iron and star dust, forming the body of the rock strata. Centuries again would have passed while the slow-moving water was rubbing the strata into form and passing it into substance by its enormous weight. At last, when its time was come, perhaps the great

sea bed began to rise. The lateral pressure of the earth's crust forced it upward inch by inch, foot by foot, through a long series of years until finally the black slimy nose of the bed emerged from the water and became an island. Another age and the island had become a portion of a continent, and had baked hard and dry in the sunlight. Still another age and perhaps the nose had lifted

into a mountain ridge, wearing away by erosion, and thus finding its way by the rivers back to its early home in the sea.

Not the dry land alone, but the life of the globe, did it not also come up and out of the sea? Perhaps there was a time when there was naught but the omnipresent sea, circling as a flashing ball in the solar system. Perhaps it was then a mass of life, and there was no inorganic matter existent until some of that life began to die. The skeletons of the



PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF THE SEA

dead that sank through the waters and hardened in a mass at the center, were the first formed strata of the solid earth. The trail of the organic is still apparent in the inorganic. Leonardo da Vinci recognized the sediment of the sea in the shell layers of the Apennines; and the blocks of the Colosseum at Rome, the pyramids at Ghizeh, still show these minute shells under the microscope. The Alps and the Andes are but so much hardened ocean ash, and perhaps the whole earth is but the compact mold of dead things.

The idea that the sea was the beginning of life, that its very atmosphere, so to speak, was an opalescent mucus, alive and capable of development in itself, was at first considered fantastic; but since then have not the scientists put hands upon this very idea and used it? Is not this opales-



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A ROCKY COAST, BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN

Toledo Museum of Art

cent mucus the protoplasm of the evolutionist? And the sea is filled with it. Often when sailing in the tropics the watcher lying along the bowsprit sees, down through the blue-green water, drifts and skeins of this thin mucilage receding by steps into the abyss and extending for many miles in every direction. The poles possess it in common with the tropics. The sea life lives upon it and is perhaps bred from it. It is the lowest form of life. No other element than water could produce it or support it in such quantity.

And yet with these powers of life, these potentialities of creation, how sublimely unconscious in its workings seems the sea! Great spawns of life go out from it, species by the hundreds of thousands; they disappear like mists in the sun, they reappear like mists; but their coming and their going are one and the same thing to the great Mother. Never has she done more for her offspring than to give it facilities for existing and expedients against sudden death. Death is not the unexpected. All through the kingdom of the sea some must die that others may live. It is the law of being and the Ocean Mother never puts forth a hand to restrain or check it. She is wholly indifferent.

For the creatures of the land—the creatures not of her spawning except perhaps in the early days—the sea has, if possible, even less care. They belong to a different brood and have no adaptation to the water. The sea knows them not.

Above all she never knew man—the most unseaworthy of all the earth-brood. He has fancied that she was his enemy, that she wilfully devastated his coasts and destroyed his fleets; but the sea indifferently beats whither it listeth, and if it break the ribs of a ship it shows only how ill adapted was the ship to the sea. What does a cockle shell in such an element? All man's commerce

and conquest, all his ventures in civilization, all his philosophy, science, and art have been as nothing unto her. He has sent forth fleets, he has founded empires by her shores and peopled cities by her bays; but these have made no impression upon her. The destruction of Egypt and Assyria, the fall of Tyre and Sidon, the conquests of Alexander, the vast holocaust of Rome never so much as caused her a quiver. Her waves lapped the blood from the steps of Carthage in the days of Hamilcar and lapped the weed on the same steps when all was silent in decay. Her waters bore the transports of the believing crusaders going to the Holy Land, and they also bore the black fleets of the Barbary corsairs on robbery and murder bent. What matter to the sea who they were or whither they went! All things of earth may come and go. But the sea lasts.

Yet men quarrel for her possession and talk vainly of being "rulers of the wave."

One race of coasters drives another race from the pathway of commerce and thinks thereby to gain control. But power and mystery and death are still there. For many years the waves lie still and seem to slumber, and then, in a night, they rise up in storm to engulf and strangle. It is but a momentary happening—a mere accident.

An area of water

is wrinkled by the winds and other portions of the sea are not even aware of it. The great depths are as unruffled as ever. At heart, eternal calmness, serene repose are always with the sea.

And always eternal beauty. In every clime and season, from dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn, it has the stamp of supreme beauty. Immensity and power are there, grace and rhythm of movement run with its waves and currents, light and color give it brilliancy and splendor. The whole life of the world lies there conserved by its own energy—serene, indestructible, eternal.



Art Institute of Chicago

STORM QUIET. BY PAUL T. DOUGHERTY



AEGEAN SEA, BY F. E. CHURCH



ON THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND
FROM PAINTING BY WILLIAM T. RICHARDS
PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS BUHLE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHY THE NAME, "PACIFIC"?

By A. H. PALMER



Heavy Surf at Long Beach, California, During a Wind Storm

GEOGRAPHICAL names are often misleading—notably so in the case of the Pacific Ocean. While it is true that over large areas and for periods of time the Pacific Ocean is calm, violent storms and destructive winds are frequent. In the North Pacific the western portion is a region of frequent typhoons during the summer season. Occasionally, one of these passes far out of its usual course and causes destruction off the west coast of Mexico. Such an incident occurred not long ago when two of the vessels operated by the U. S. Shipping Board were wrecked off the coast of Lower California.

It is not generally known that the most violent winds in the United States occur along the Pacific Coast. We refer to winds that blow continuously for hours at a time, and not to local and short-lived squalls such as accompany a tornado or a thunderstorm. The Government maintains three weather stations on exposed points within a few hundred feet of the Pacific Ocean. These are at Tatoosh Island and Northhead, Washington, and Point Reyes, California. Wind velocities exceeding 60 miles per hour are

recorded at each of these stations during almost every month of the year. Velocities of 70 to 80 miles per hour are not uncommon at these stations. On January 27, 1916, a velocity of 104 miles per hour was recorded at Point Reyes. The significance of these figures may be realized when it is stated that a strong man finds it difficult to keep on his feet in a 60-mile gale, while no one is able to stand unsupported in a wind having a velocity of 80 miles per hour.

During winter months there is a more or less persistent storm center in the vicinity of the Aleutian Islands. Meteorologists call this "the Aleutian center of action." Detached portions of this storm move south-eastward at frequent intervals across North America, giving us typical winter storms. Occasionally, one of these follows a southerly course, in which event violent winds lash the Pacific coast of the United States for days at a time.

There is nothing "pacific" about our western ocean. Those that live near the coast have come to know that the Pacific is most unpacific when aroused to fury.

SENTINELS OF THE SEA

THE first great lighthouse was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. This was the famous "Pharos" of Alexandria, Egypt. It was built in 331 B. C., and was 400 feet high. It guided mariners for 1,600 years, and it would have served its purpose well to-day, if it had lasted. Beacon lights are counted among the blessed things, but the earliest beacons were cursed devices of wreckers who used lights to lure ships at night to their destruction. The Romans, stern in their devotion to law and order, made beacons serve mankind—and they carried light with them in their conquests. There are Roman lighthouse remains at Dover, England.

The great lighthouses of the rock-bound coasts of Great Britain are famous in song and story. We have all read of the astonishing triumph of engineering in constructing the Eddystone lighthouses. The daring feat of Grace Darling will be told as long as there are children to hear the tale.

Lighthouses built on rocks, and lightships anchored in danger shoals, mark the pathway of safety to-day on all the Seven Seas. When the beam of light is clouded by mist or rain, fog signals are heard in warning—air whistles, sirens, or bells. There are 586 signals maintained by the United States alone.

Uncle Sam gives free light along his coasts. Just what this means is told in the figures. There are 16,324 aids to navigation distributed over 17,605 miles of coast line, of which Alaska claims nearly one half. Of these there are about 6,000 lighted aids for night navigation. With the ins and outs of the coast, the actual shore line is nearly 49,000 miles in extent, which means many points of danger to be covered. These call

for about 2,000 major lights, and over 3,000 minor lights, in addition to which there are many light vessels and buoys.

Everything is done to keep the lighthouse keeper's mind engaged, for the dreary monotony has driven some into melancholy madness. Books, newspapers, magazines, phonographs, and other means of diversion are supplied by the government or by societies. The keeper's average pay is about \$600.00 a year, with a living allowance of 45 cents a day. This seems small, but there is little or nothing for him to spend money on. His life is one of hard work, eternal vigilance, and severe discipline. Days may elapse before a sail or funnel is sighted, and weeks before a human voice is heard. It is just as well then that there are exacting duties to be performed at night as well as day.

Everything is kept in apple-pie order, for the inspectors are most severe in the examination of lighthouses. The inspector argues if there is dust on furniture or clothes, there may be dust on the lenses as well. The keepers of lighthouses on points of mainland have a fairly comfortable life. Their families are with them, and they see something of their fellow men. The lonely ones are those that keep the lightships, or watch isolated stations where families cannot reside.

Lighthouses always have figured in fiction. There is something heroic about the grim but ever-faithful tower, something actually personal in the service that it gives that makes

a strong appeal to story writers. Robert Louis Stevenson came from a family of lighthouse designers, and was one himself. Hopkinson Smith was also a designer and builder, and the beams of the beacon light shine through a number of his stories.—A. A. Hopkins, "Scientific American."



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The Most Dangerous Lighthouse in the World

Without warning a sea sufficient to wash away three tons of supplies will sweep across the platform of this English coast guard beacon on Wolf Island.

"THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA"

A GRIM story of the sea that has come down to us from a century ago. In June, 1816, the frigate *Medusa* set sail from France for the coast of Africa, bearing a hopeful band of colonial settlers. On the gentle summer waters the voyage was a joytrip—so much so that, on July 1st, when the frigate crossed the Tropic of Cancer, there was a dance on board, and the captain of the *Medusa* gave the vessel over to the command of a civilian who had seen little naval service. There was wine aplenty and all were happy, until the *Medusa* suddenly went aground, with a crash that flung the merrymakers over the deck and brought the spars down on their heads.

Then came the tragedy. They were miles from the coast of Africa, and there was no discipline, no master of the situation. The debonair captain disappeared. A raft was constructed 65 feet long and 20 broad, and on this *one hundred and fifty persons* frantically jammed themselves. Though the weather was calm, no barrels of food or water were loaded on the raft—only mad, wild-eyed men and women.

There were six boats, filled with sailors, and they were to pull the raft to the coast, some forty miles away. But the towline parted, and the boats rowed off, leaving the raft to its fate.

The frenzied days that followed can never be adequately described. Unfortunately wine-casks had been taken on the raft, so men lost in liquor the stern sense they needed for the tragic situation. They were raving beasts, fighting with fists and teeth as well as weapons. There were some heroes among them who tried to save the women and children, but they were few. The brutal carnage was unspeakable—in the mad de-

lirium some men were hacked to pieces, others were thrown into the sea and drowned.

After ten days of inconceivable horror, a French brig picked up the few fragments of humanity that remained on the raft of the *Medusa*, and brought them home. When

the story ended, only ten men survived.

So the shocking tragedy became history—and, a few years later, Jean Gericault (ger-ree-ko) painted it on a canvas that excited the French people to a fever of indignation. It was not these sea calamity alone that stirred Paris. It was the grim, relentless realism of Gericault's great



The Picture That Shocked France

A detail from Jean Gericault's huge painting, "The Raft of the Medusa," which started a new realistic movement in European art

painting. The art of France had been maintained for years on a severely simple, classic plane. Gericault did much more than depict a dire tragedy of the sea. He assailed the established canons of classic art and set up daring new standards of realism that raised a furor among the critics. Meanwhile the public gazed at the painting in shuddering wonder.

The moment that the artist chose for representation is the tenth day, when many had died of hunger and thirst, or been killed in the mad brawling. Of the raft there remain only a few timbers, ill pinned together, and carrying a mere handful of men abandoned to the agonies of starvation and exposure. The half-delirious survivors have just sighted the French vessel *Argus* that rescued them.

After the stir created in Paris, "The Raft of the Medusa" was exhibited for a time in London, where it created a similar sensation. Over 20,000 pounds in all were paid by the public to see it.

So, out of the sickening horror of the wreck of the *Medusa*, came a painting that started a new revolutionary movement in French art.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD

EVERYBODY knows Captain Kidd, the favorite pirate of his time, author of that soul-stirring poem, "Oh, my name was Captain Kidd." He was hanged at Execution Dock, London, for his many atrocious crimes, after burying all his money in each of a dozen lonely beaches of the American coast. The world loves a thorough-going scoundrel and has selected Kidd as the classic example of the genuine "Bad Man" who is finally overtaken by just fate. It is time to look into the business and see how far the man deserves this high reputation as the dean of pirates.

Kidd, a Scotchman born, was a shipmaster and ship-owner who in 1695 was living in the town of New York. He had the misfortune to be closely associated with an adventuring British nobleman, Lord Bellomont, who was made governor of Massachusetts Bay, with the expectation that he would break up smuggling and piracy. Colonel Robert Livingstone of New York recommended Captain William Kidd, who happened to be in London ready to assail certain pirates who were operating in the Indian Ocean.

Kidd had been a fighting sailor against the French in the West Indies, where according to the testimony of a friend his men "would have gone a pirateering and he refused it and his men seized upon his ship." The British government had no public vessel available, and therefore a dangerous plan was made that a ship should be fitted out by a group of moneyed men who put in £6,000, one-tenth of which was subscribed by Kidd. As sometimes happens in other stock companies, dummy stockholders were named which suggests that they expected the *Galley* to make money in unlawful ways. Kidd's crew was pressed for service, and therefore

he crossed the ocean and raised a crew of 155 men in New York and thence proceeded to Madagascar in September, 1696.

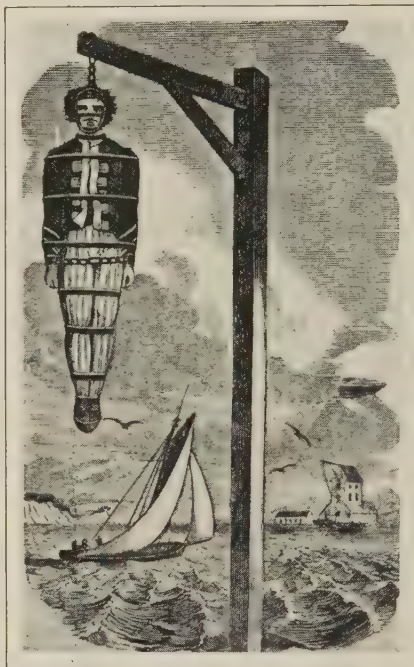
The pirates were not at home at their usual headquarters, and a third of Kidd's crew suddenly died without giving notice. Just

what happened then is still hazy. It is certain that the report reached England that Kidd, instead of capturing pirates, was robbing merchant ships right and left. He had fights with Portuguese men-of-war. He landed on the Gullibar Islands, where the natives cut the throat of one of his men and he tied a native to a tree and shot him. He had a little private war with his gunner Moore, and hit him on the head with a bucket, and Moore presently died. He undoubtedly captured a "ship of about two hundred tons, loaded with two horses, sugar, and cotton in trade there," and subsequently captured the *Quebaugh Merchant*, richly laden. Likewise he met a Portuguese ship which he relieved of some "opium, some East

Indian goods, and 60 or 70 bags of rice."

He also got, by some plunder, "two hundred bales of calicoes, silks, and muslins, between 80 and 90 tons of refined sugar, 40 tons of saltpeter, and 10 tons of iron in short junks."

After desperate adventures Kidd got back to Boston, July 16, 1699, where he suddenly found himself in jail, at the instance of his pal, Bellomont. His captured ship, the *Quebaugh Merchant*, disappeared, as did certain treasure buried on Gardiner's Island. The British government sent for Kidd to come to England, where the House of Commons honored him with a special investigation. He was then put on trial before the criminal court at the Old Bailey prison, and unexpectedly and very unfairly was charged



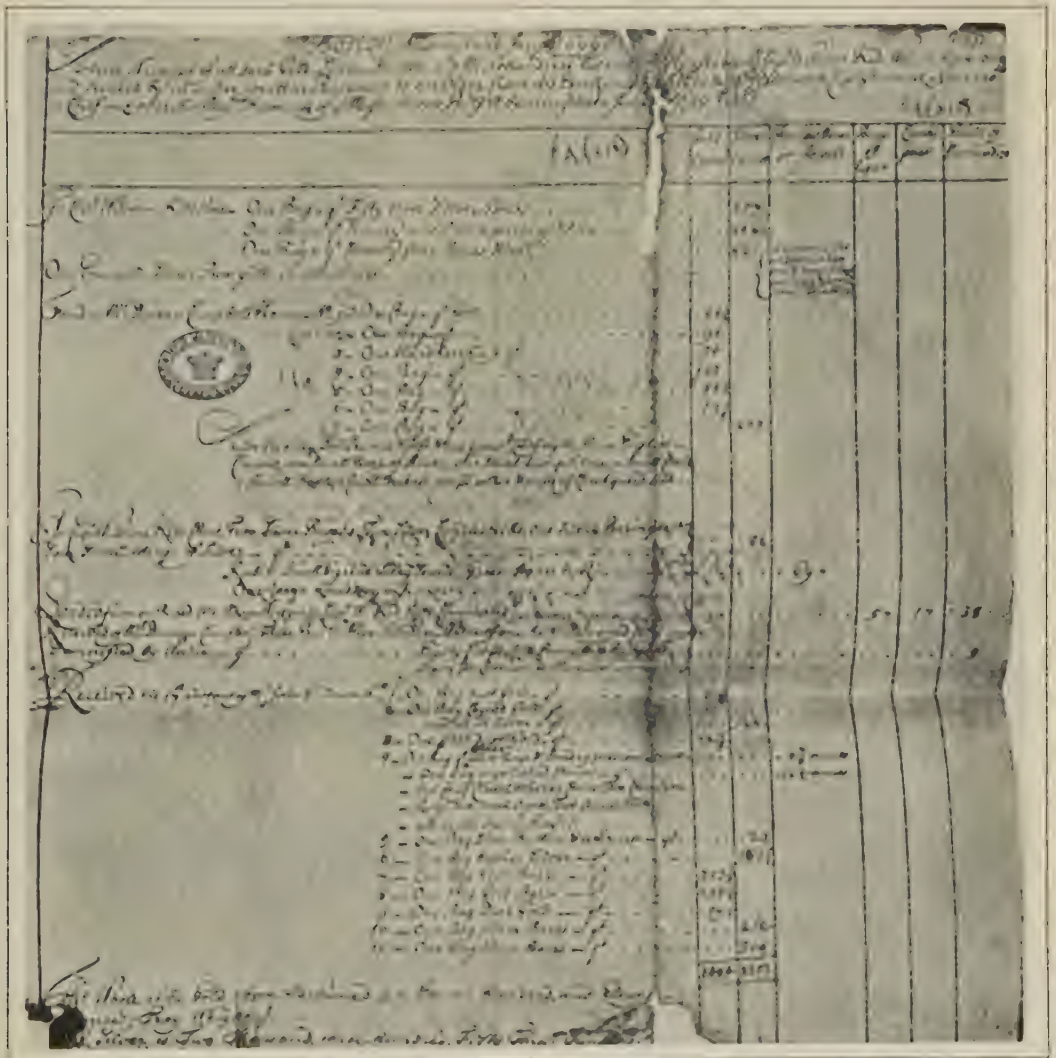
The Hanging of Captain Kidd

Convicted of murder and piracy he was loaded with chains and hanged at Execution Dock, London, as shown in the above woodcut by a contemporary artist.

with the murder of Moore of the bucket episode, and found guilty. The case had some political sides to it, so that he was also tried for piracy. His defense was that the vessels he captured had French passes and were therefore good prize, but the passes, which are still in existence, were taken from him and for lack of them he was condemned. One of his own men, Bradenham, swore away his life.

Every effort was made to induce him to confess, but to the last he refused to admit that he was guilty of piracy. His fortune of £6471 was forfeited to the Crown. The main proof of piracy was the great value of

the cargo that he brought home, which could not have been acquired by any kind of honest trade. However, the haste and unfairness of his trial suggests that his confederates and patrons were only too glad to get rid of him and stop his mouth. There was nothing in him of the swashbuckling, blood-drinking, glass-chewing pirate of whom there were plenty in his time, men who died in the midst of murder and cruelty instead of on the gallows, like unhappy Kidd. Probably he was a pirate; certainly he was deliberately sacrificed by his partners, presumably to cover their own ill deeds.—*Albert Bushnell Hart.*



A Page of the Evidence That Hanged Captain Kidd

A part of the official inventory of treasure buried on Gardiner's Island a few miles from New York City. This was a large part of the \$7,000,000 in loot that Kidd brought to America as the result of his last Indian operations.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

FOR fourteen years the little Mediterranean island of Sainte Marguerite, off the coast of the French Riviera was the prison of the famous and mysterious character known to history as "The Man in the Iron Mask."

Who was he, what was he, and why did he wear the mask?

During the reign of the Grand Monarch, Louis XIV, Monsieur Saint Simon had charge of a French prison at Pigernol, on the border of France and Italy. While there, the Man in the Iron Mask was placed in his charge, on May 2, 1679. Five years later, Saint Simon was made jailer of the prison on the Island of Sainte Marguerite. With him he brought and kept, for a period of fourteen years, the distinguished captive whose true identity has been an unsolved mystery for centuries.

He was supposed to be: (1) the natural son of Louis XIV and his first love, Louise de la Vallière, (2) the elder brother of Louis XIV, the son of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, (3) a twin brother of Louis XIV, who looked dangerously like him, (4) a soldier of fortune named Marechiel, who conspired to assassinate the king, and (5) General de Boulonde, who compromised a campaign of Louis the Great and was imprisoned as a traitor.

His secret was guarded well. In 1698 he was brought from Ste. Marguerite to the north across France in a journey full of dramatic interest, and incarcerated in the Bastille, at Paris. This historic prison swallowed up the man of mystery.

He lived five years longer under those conditions, practically buried, though not yet dead. When life at last forsook his body, everything that he had used was destroyed. The so-called Iron Mask—which was really

a black velvet one—was burned with his clothes and effects. The walls of the room he had occupied were scraped and white-washed again; the tiles of the floor were taken up and replaced by others, in the fear that he might have concealed beneath the flooring some scrap of paper that would reveal his name to the world.

It is said that Louis XV knew the real story of the Man in the Iron Mask, but that Louis XVI was unacquainted with it. Mme. Campan, in her *Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*, tells us that the queen persuaded Louis XVI to have search made among the records in order to get at the truth of the matter.

In course of time the king reported to his queen that the prisoner had been a very dangerous and intriguing character and a subject of the Duke of Mantua in Italy.

There have been 72 books published on the subject and many solutions of the mystery have been offered, but judgment now

rests in favor of Count Matthioli—as we get evidence from the archives of the Bastille, which are now in the Arsenal Library in Paris.

Louis XIV was, at the period in question, reaching out for more conquests, and, through his dealings with the Duke of Mantua, a brilliant young minister of the duke, Count Matthioli, became involved. In some way it was made evident to Louis XIV that Matthioli was guilty of double-dealing.

Thus it was that the young, handsome, and distinguished count, the brilliant minister of the Duke of Mantua, fell a victim to the Grand Monarch, and was condemned to pass the last twenty-four years of his life masked and in prison.

Mary Mendenhall Perkins.



Where the Masked Man Was Imprisoned

French prison on the Island of Sainte Marguerite off the Mediterranean coast, the scene of the famous mystery of history and fiction.

JOHN THE BIRD MAN

WHEN John Burroughs was growing up, he was fond of everything boys like, but he had a consuming hunger that most boys have not—the hunger for knowledge. He longed for books and for schooling, and he worked tirelessly to get them. The first time he went to New York, as a lad of seventeen, he spent all his time in old book shops. He went home with a bag of second-hand books, purchased at the cost of meals and stage fare on the journey back to the Catskills.

Young John liked stories of travel and adventure, studies of nature, biographies of American patriots—and works on phrenology. He developed an absorbing interest in words, and was always trying to find the meaning of new ones that he read or overheard. He kept a notebook in which he copied sentences that pleased his taste. Emerson became his model for style, and he profited so well by this illustrious example that his first essay, published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was attributed to Emerson.

As a youth, Burroughs had unusual industry, and he played as vigorously as he worked. He was very fond of the girls, and kept a record of the dates when he paid visits to the young ladies of the neighborhood. Back in the year 1855, when he was teaching school, he met the dashing Ursula North, his future wife. Their married life lasted sixty years. She was a thrifty, ambitious woman, and made famous cherry pies.

In his early years Burroughs liked best "to fish, recite poetry, and crack jokes." The study of birds engrossed him. His lifelong ardor for bird study gave him the name "John o' Birds," and "The Bird Man."

Like his friend John Muir, the California naturalist, the Bird Man was a successful fruit grower. He used to say that he made enough on his fruit farm to write when and what he pleased. At his home on the Hudson, forty tons of grapes was his annual harvest for many years.

As householder and housebuilder, the great nature-writer had simple tastes. He liked



"I Never Tire of Contemplating the Earth"

John Burroughs said it and added, "As I near the time when this contemplation must cease it is more and more in my thoughts." This statue, in the Toledo Museum of Art, was made by C. S. Pietro at the naturalist's home in the Catskills.

the bark left on the beams of rafters, and loved walls and furniture of natural wood. With his own hands he cut down trees, and on the hillside above the Hudson built the cabin called "Slabsides," which became a place of pilgrimage for great men and humble.

Next to birds and children, John Burroughs liked dogs best, and they liked him. On his home grounds he watched with tender memory over a little burying-ground where he had laid away several of his dog companions.

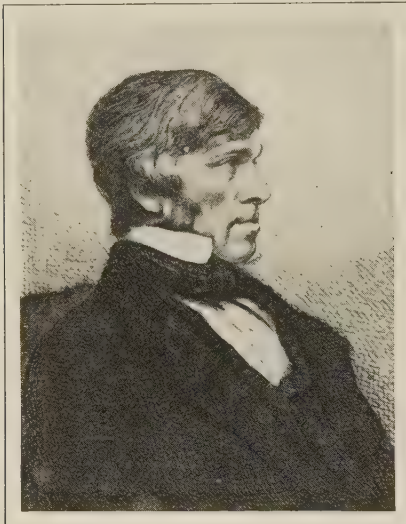
"Nature Fakers" always roused the ire of Burroughs. He had no patience with writers who disguised fiction as natural history. A characteristic that grew upon him as he traveled about America and Europe was a distaste for nature in a spectacular mood. Geysers bored him, and he quickly tired of showy sights, like volcanoes. The miracle of a wild flower's beauty appealed to him more. In the presence of the Grand Canyon, however, he stood mute and reverent. He called it "The Divine Abyss."

JOHN O'LONDON SAYS:

JOHN O'LONDON, a British editor whose publication is devoted to literature, science and art, prints many anecdotes that reveal the human side of great men. Here are some of his most interesting ones:

VOLTAIRE'S GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME

Voltaire, the famous French satirical writer, was worth \$500,000 at forty. But he did not make this money from books. Most of it was



Thomas Carlyle

As he appeared at the time his manuscript for the first book of his "French Revolution" was burned by a careless servant.

made by lending money to needy noblemen. Voltaire would lend an expectant heir to an estate a large sum if the heir would agree to pay him ten per cent interest on the amount so long as either party to the agreement lived. The heir would not be required, nor allowed, to pay off the principal; the deal was ended only when either he or Voltaire died. Voltaire picked only younger men, and had no difficulty getting clients because of his consumptive appearance. It is said that when a prospective borrower wavered he could evolve a wheezy cough that always closed the deal. The scheme was immensely successful for Voltaire.

HERBERT SPENCER'S EAR MUFFS

When Herbert Spencer, the great English philosopher, wished to shut out the noises of

his London boarding house, that he might be undisturbed in his thinking, he slipped a pair of ear muffs over his ears. They were held in place with a spring. At the dinner table, when conversation took a turn in which he had no interest, he would excuse himself to his nearest neighbor and snap on his muffs. Occasionally at concerts or lectures, when he became more interested in his thoughts than the performance, he would adjust his device.

KANT AND HIS FIVE FEET

Emmanuel Kant, the German philosopher, weighed but five pounds at birth and was pitifully weak. He had a big, bulging head, thin legs, a weak chest and one shoulder was much higher than the other. He was extremely stubborn.

Once, one of his calumniators exclaimed: "He isn't five feet high!"

"Liar!" came the shrill voice of the philosopher, who had accidentally overheard him, "I am exactly five feet." And he drew himself up and struck the ground defiantly with his cane.

HOW TURNER STUDIED NATURE

Dr. J. M. Graves, an English writer and traveler, is credited with another of the hundreds of stories about Turner, the famous English artist. Turner was known for his remarkable capacity for work and eccentric habits. Traveling in a public carriage in Switzerland, Dr. Graves was surprised to see the man next to him produce a notebook and write in it with tremendous rapidity. From time to time, the writer would stare at the clouds or the mountains. Dr. Graves' mystification was deepened by the man's appearance; he was dressed as a sailor. Later, the doctor saw that his companion was drawing, and that it was his habit to sketch constantly while traveling. The doctor and the artist became friends—a rare thing for Turner—but it was not until some weeks later, when he had reached Rome, that he learned that his companion was a famous artist.

THE MUMMY AND THE CURSE

As interesting as similar stories of fiction is the experience of the prominent Meux family with the Egyptian mummy, Neo-Amsu, now in the British Museum. On the mummy was written:

If any person of any foreign country, whether he be black man or Ethiopian, or Syrian, carry away this

writing, or it be stolen by a thief, then whoever does this no offering shall be presented to their souls, they shall never enjoy a draught of cold water, they shall never more breathe the air, no son and no daughter shall arise from their seed, their names shall be remembered no longer upon earth, and most assuredly they shall never see the beams of the Disc (the Sun-God).

In 1886, Ingram, the man that bought the mummy from an Egyptian dealer, was killed hunting elephants in Africa. In 1900, Sir Henry Meux died childless and the baronetcy became extinct. Lady Meux bequeathed the mummy to the British Museum.

MUSIC FROM THE TEA-KETTLE

Camille Saint-Saens, the French composer, best known for his opera, "Samson and Delilah," heard music in the commonest noises when a child. He would plant himself in front of a clock to hear it strike. Seated on a small stool before the fire he used to wait for the tea-kettle to sing.

In a book of recollections, Saint-Saens says that his friend, Pasteur, the great bacteriologist, was the object of public wrath when he first announced his new treatment for disease. A mass meeting was held to protest against his serum discoveries, at which an eminent man said: "*Scientific questions should be settled by the people.*"

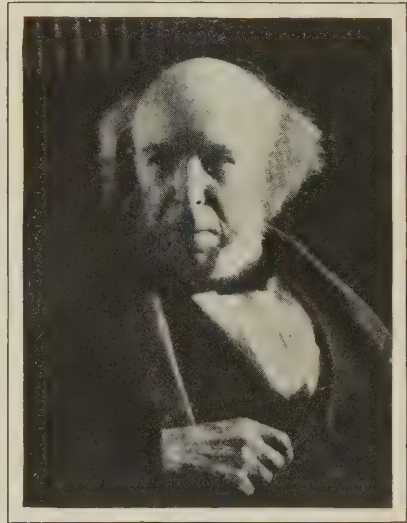
BAD LUCK NO OBSTACLE TO CARLYLE

Thomas Carlyle came to London in 1835 with \$1,000 and the determination to conquer Fortune with his pen. He worked five months writing his "French Revolution." When finished, he wrote in his diary: "Soul and body very sick." His capital was nearly exhausted. He lent the manuscript to his friend, John Stuart Mill, the famous economist, who was to make some critical notes on it. Later, while Carlyle was sitting with his wife after a hard day's work, Mill, pale and agitated, broke in upon him with the announcement that the manuscript had been accidentally burnt by a careless servant. Carlyle refused Mill's offer of money and, making every effort to conceal from him what a knock-down blow the news had been, set himself to rewrite the book. Much of his material, collected with painstaking effort, had been destroyed; the data had to be dug out again. Day after day he sat at his desk dispirited and discouraged; but, doggedly staying at it, he was finally able to restore the work.

ENGLAND'S MOST OBSTINATE MAN

Recently a book of William Prynne's brought a high price in London. Prynne

was a Puritan writer of the seventeenth century whom torture could not intimidate. He wrote a book, "Histrio-Mastix, the Players' Scourge," in which he attacked play acting, particularly by women. Unfortunately for Prynne, Queen Henrietta Maria had just taken part in a play and he was accused of denouncing her. His ears were cut off, his book burned by the hangman and he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Tower of London. While in prison he wrote two pamphlets against the English bishops, and for this the stumps of his ears, which had



Herbert Spencer

He undertook to know everything and nearly succeeded. This picture was one of the last taken of him, when he was about 78.

been left on the previous occasion, were cut off, his cheeks branded, and a fine of \$25,000 assessed. He was later released from prison, by warrant of the House of Commons, served two years more as the result of a controversy and was appointed Keeper of the Tower records by Charles II, which post he held until his death in 1669.

ARTISTS ARE LONG-LIVED

Artists, particularly members of the British Royal Academy, are apparently long-lived. Gainsborough was 61 when he died; Raeburn, 67; Reynolds, 69; Turner, 76; Sir E. J. Poynter, 83; G. F. Watts, 83; Today there are ten English painters and one sculptor over 70 and three painters and two architects aged, respectively, 81, 82, 85, 86, and 90, all active and able to work.

THE BOY THAT FAKED SHAKESPEARE

A SMART individual said to Charles Lamb, "I could write Shakespeare plays if I had a mind to." "Yes," answered the gentle Lamb, "so could I—if I had the *mind* to."

About a century ago young William H. Ireland "had a mind" to write a Shakespeare play—and he did it. He was only 17 years old at the time. He produced a Shakespeare tragedy entitled "Vortigern and Rowena," and it was produced in Drury Lane Theatre, in 1796, with John Kemble and a number of the famous actors of the time in the cast.

Young Ireland enjoyed rare advantages for a literary forger's career. His father was a dealer in old books in London, and the boy had free run of the shop. There he found manuscripts and precious autographs. He amused himself imitating old signatures. He tore out fly-leaves of musty volumes to get paper centuries old and concocted an ink that reproduced the effect of faded writing. Then the big idea lodged in his mind. Old Samuel Ireland was an ardent worshiper of Shakespeare, and was ever looking for some bit of writing of the great poet. This eager desire worked on the fertile mind of his son. "If he wants Shakespeare," thought the boy, "why shouldn't I make him happy? The materials are right at hand."

The boy started cautiously. His first venture was a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare, which he claimed to have discovered in the house of a gentleman who had many old manuscripts, but insisted on keeping his name secret. Ireland Senior was delighted—called in the experts, and laid his treasure before them. The wise men "fell for" the hoax. Then young Ireland grew bolder and produced a letter of Shakespeare's. The experts swallowed that also. A few held out. Dr. Malone, the

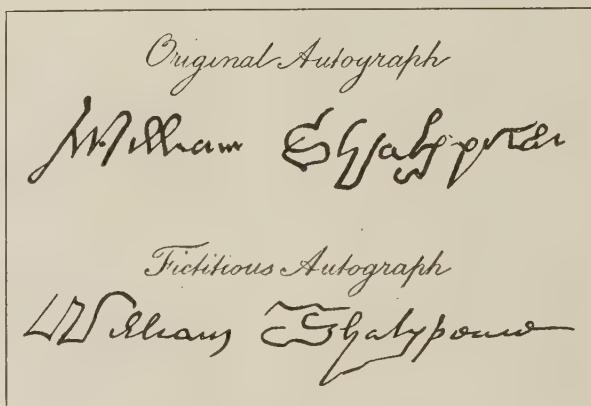
leading Shakespearian scholar of the day, was skeptical and remained so to the end. But many cultivated men greeted the documents as genuine. Young Ireland was then kept busy making Shakespeare manuscripts, and, as time passed, the pressure became greater. The boy had not only to produce more important documents to feed the demand, but he had to manufacture more lies

about the origin of the documents. Every lie called for two or three more to hold the fabric of falsehood together.

Finally Ireland Senior cried for a Shakespeare play—and, of course, he got it. What else could the boy do? The amazing part of it was that young Ireland not only produced a "Shakespeare play" which was accepted and per-

formed, but, apart from the fact that it was a base forgery, it was really a creditable composition. If it hadn't been so, it never would have been produced before the distinguished audience that greeted it. As a matter of fact, if the great actor, John Kemble—who did not believe in the play—had not "horsed" several lines, and so turned the tragedy into ridicule, the play might have run on its merits for a time. At least W. H. Ireland tells us so in his "Confessions."

The crash came shortly after the tragic drama had reached its tragic ending. One by one the flimsy bits that held the hoax together loosened and fell apart, and very soon the whole false structure was revealed. Dr. Malone triumphed, and young Ireland, who had gifts that might have won him fame, went down to disgrace and dishonor. There was only one grim consolation that he could draw from the bitter experience. He certainly got Dr. Samuel Parr, James Boswell (Johnson's Boswell), and several other complacent and self-satisfied "literary beacons" of the day in a bad hole, and made them supremely ridiculous. W. D. M.



This Writing Fooled Experts
A Shakespeare signature, and one forged by Ireland.

THE LINER SPEAKS TO THE FISHERMAN

By N. T. GRANLUND

At the end of a bitter winter day of storm on the steamer lanes
A giant liner plows along as the gray light slowly wanes.

She seems in the light like a thing alive, like a mighty human soul
With a purpose in every forward leap and in every lurch and roll.

To me it seems that the liner spies, in the thick of the gathering gloom,
A fisherman, tossed like a battered ship where the mighty billows boom.

She's a little ship, scarce fifty feet, a speck on the ocean's crest,
As she wallows down the side of a wave, and gallantly mounts its crest.

It seems that out of the bitter night I can hear that liner speak
With a human voice in the sullen groans 'mid the tempest's ghostly shriek:

"I've seen you many a time and oft, as I sail on my beaten path,
As you loafed along when the sea was calm, or defied the Storm God's wrath.

"I, in the pride of my mighty bulk, have been pounded, wracked and torn
By the hellish hate of the God of Winds, who rides on the winter storm.

"From keel to bridge is ninety feet, yet seas have swept me clean;
The ocean has climbed my giant sides with tons of water, green.

"I've fought through gales which chill men's souls, have wrenched their hearts with fright,
Through the winter days of awful storm, through the hell of a winter night.

"And yet, through it all, I have seen YOU here, a tiny wooden ship,
Out here where the Storm God rules the waves, and the sea gulls wheel and dip.

"I've seen you fish from your tiny boats, in weather fair and foul
You've hauled your trawls and set your lines in the midst of the tempest's howl.

"You give up all that life holds dear, you're never warm, nor dry,
You drink of life to the bitter dregs, and now I ask you—Why?"

It seemed to me that the fisherman spoke, with the voice of her creaking masts
And the eerie shriek of the upper rig, as it strained to the mighty blasts:

"You ask me why I come out here, where the ceaseless billows moan,
I come because I'm driven by men who'd go to hell for their own.

"And hell it is, a hell of work, of brutal labor and pain,
A hell of toil, such as none can know, yet you'll not hear them complain.

"They risk their lives for their kids and wives in their tiny homes ashore,
They have to provide for them, and so they risk the Storm King's roar.

"Love of their own makes them take to sea, makes them work as no others can work,
Braving the deep, fair weather or foul, with never a thought to shirk.

"The love that drives them forth to sea is the moving force of the age,
It isn't new, for you'll find it true, it's written on history's page.

"The folks on land don't understand, and never have understood,
That men like these must starve and freeze, to get them fish for food.

"There's never a rest for the sore oppressed, the men of the fishing fleet,
Battered and worn, their faces torn by the stinging wintry sleet.

"Their happiness comes when the hold is full and they start on the long run home,
And they crack on sail till the worn lee rail goes down in the hissing foam.

"I've rushed along through the gales at night, with a tempest shrieking past,
And heard them sing, and their laughter ring, as they watched the bending mast.

"For then, at last, they were rushing fast on the way that led toward home,
With the thrill that comes to the stalwart ones that bring joy to their own."

T H E O P E N L E T T E R

All of us feel, in some measure, the spell of the sea. Even when we dread it, the ocean compels our devotion. Through centuries of tragic experience we have come to know the greediness of the engulfing flood, and the terrors in store for those that tempt the sea in evil weather—and yet we love to play along its shores; and we are ever ready to take the chances of its moods, by sail or steam, risking the dangers of the deep again and again, in the belief, each time, that the way of the great waters will be safe. It never was safe, and it isn't safe now—and it never will be as far as we know.

★ ★ ★

The latest and most highly perfected marine equipments of the present day have not changed the meaning of Lord Byron's lines:

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

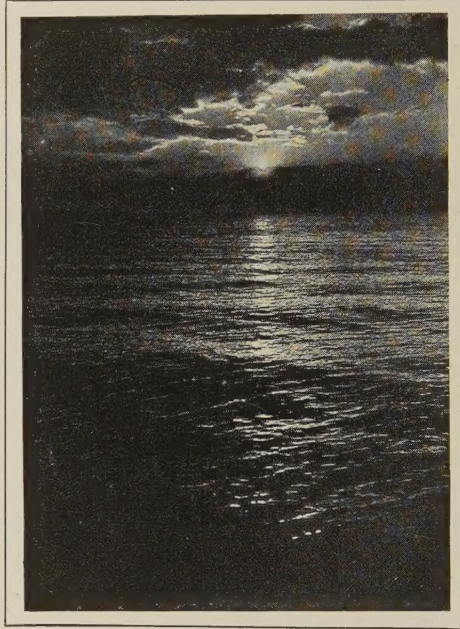
Man marks the earth with ruin: his control stops with the shore.

In spite of modern devices vessels innumerable still go down to watery graves. The superbly appointed and soundly protected *Titanic* struck an iceberg, and sank quickly with a tragic loss of life. The luxurious giant ship *Lusitania* succumbed to the mortal wound of a submarine—and submarines sink readily under the blow of a destroyer, or the bombing of an airplane. The best craft that man can contrive goes to sea, and, oftentimes, never comes back again. The values taken in toll by the waters for a year's navigation would finance a nation. Vast fortunes are sunk—and countless lives are

lost. And, over all, rolls sullenly "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

★ ★ ★

What then is the spell of the sea—and why has it such an irresistible attraction for us? Is it because, in a cosmic sense, it is our mother?



The Slumbering Sea

Scientists tell us that the ocean is the womb of organic life, and that we have come from the spawn of the sea. John C. Van Dyke describes in this number of *The Mentor* the "opalescent mucus" that drifts in skeins through the ocean water—the lowest form of life. The Prince of Monaco, the foremost ocean student of to-day, tells us that the ocean forms a bond between all peoples, a bond which all instinctively recog-

nize, because in the depths of the sea lies the center of organic life, the center from which *all* organic life, in that great beginning for us, came; just as the worlds that move in infinite space have issued from the force of a great unknown and incomprehensible power and will that we call the Creator—the power that has determined the principle of fertility and the universal laws of life and death.

Perhaps then the secret of the fascination of the great deep, for us, lies in an unconscious feeling of our kinship as children of the sea.

W. S. Moffat

EDITOR



MADE WITH A GRAFLEX CAMERA, KODAK ANASTIGMAT *f.* 4.5 LENS

GRAFLEX

It is not merely in the doing of sensational things in speed photography that the Graflex excels. Its efficiency qualifies it for the snap-shot in the shade, for the taking of the most delightful of all pictures—unposed pictures of the children.

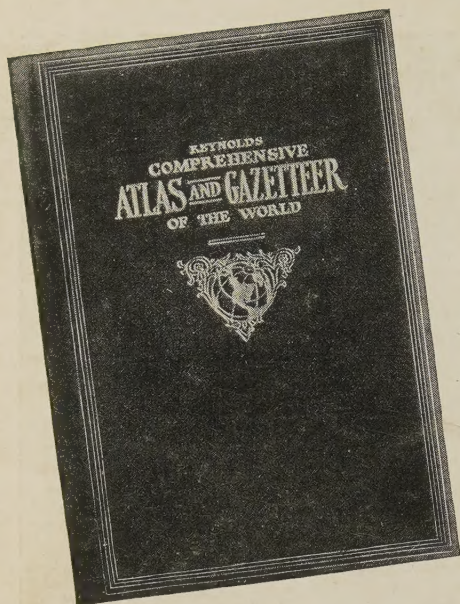
Graflex does the unusual things in photography and does them well, especially well if it has the added advantage of the Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 4.5 as its lens equipment.



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